THE CHIMNEYS SCUFFLE.

Publica fumantes tetigere tributa Caminos,
Naribus audacis fœtidiosa plebis.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1662.

THE CHIMNEYS SCUFFLE.

Publica fumantes tetigere tributa Caminos,
Naribus audacis fastidiosa plebis.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1662.

THE CHIMNEYS SCUFFLE.

"*This is no* Libel, *such as* Rogues *disperse*,
"*But a poor* Chimney-Plea *in honest Verse.*

DEar Mistress of the Muses, *Polihymny*,
Breath Spirit into th' Funnel of my *Chimney*,
That old *Mull'd-Sack*, who to such fortunes crept;
And from a *Chimney* to a *Manner* lept,
May with our *Steemy Consort* joyn in One
Throbbing our *Suff'rings* in a Sooty room.
But whence comes this *Complaint*? Be pleas'd to hear;
More's laid upon our *Hearths*, than they can Bear.
Our *Chimney-Sweepers* may their Hovels keep,
For now the *Owners* must their *Chimneys* Sweep

Who chang'd his Name *for a Sum of money conditionally paid him by his Fellow chimney-Sweepers.*

To leſſen their *Scrude Tax.* —Turn o're thy *Book*,
Search thy *Records*, * *Crapt Prin*, and ſhew why *Smoak*
Should thus be hoiſted; where ſo many ſtar'd,
While Other *Smoakers* in our *State* be ſpar'd!
Th' like *Smoaking Age* did never yet appear,
'Tis thought we ſhall turn *Ætna* the next year:
We're all in *Smoak* and *Powder*: not a *Stove*
But muſt our *Synods* grand Deſigne improve.
Alas poor *Chimney-pipes!* Say, why ſhould you
Be uſed thus, who ſtand but for a Show
In *Great mens Kitchins*; while your *Lords* at *Court*
Act for *high Places*, or ſome *other Sport*:
Preſenting *there* their *Pagentry* ſo clear
As if they meant to make 't a *Theater*.
Their *Tyre-rooms* are alike: and it is common,
"Women act there with men, and men with women.
Their *Tents* remov'd: the *Meniey* muſt reſort
By their *Lords* conduct to the modiſh Court,
Where his *disbanded* ancient Family
Becomes *reduc'd* to one bare Livery;
A Squirrel Lacky, or py-colour'd Page,
Which may ſecure his Honour from much wage;
His *Vails* will do it, or a caſhier'd Suit
With ſome *Appendices* of *Fancy* to 't.
Batts now and Scrich-Owls may keep open houſe,
While their *Lords* ſated with a *Court-Carouſe*,
Diſplay their looſe debauch'ry: yet muſt they
For their Starv'd Smoakleſs *Chimneys* duely pay
This late *enacted Tax*: O precious Jewel
That pays the State for Fire-work without Fuel!
And this is juſt: for Theſe get any day
More by one *Suit* than thouſand *Chimneys* pay.
Whereas poor *Tradeſmen* who live by their Booth,
Earning no more than ſerves from hand to mouth,
With all their Stock can ſcarce pay Scot and Lot,
Eating at *night* more than the *day* had got:

Theſe

* *Lately created* Keeper *of the* Tower-Records; *but his Fanatick Brain and Fantaſtick Pen have run ſuch Diviſion, as they will unſtrip him of that Imployment.*

These must be *Smoak'd* too, though their *Chimneys* speak
" They knew not what *Fire meant* throughout the Week.
Is this a *Parallel line*, or *Solon's* Law?
That those whose Fortunes are not worth a straw
Should be thus pounc'd to Mummie, and receive
No more Exemption than our *Grandees* have.
——*Cæsar* I beg a boon, and it is this
That I may plead *in Forma Pauperis*
For these *weak Starvelings*, who make't their desire
" That their Estates may purchase first a *Fire*
" Ere they pay for their *Chimneys*; and that those
" Whose *grandaur* by our *Suff'rings* daily grows
" To such a boundless bottome, as in time
" Their daring height will threaten a decline,
" May feel Your *Princely Lash*; and these be many
" Who ought well to be *smoak'd* as much as any.
For they're such *State-Impostors*, as their Task
Is to disguise their actions with a Mask
Of *Partial-guilt*; Conformity; and such
As like *base Bullaign* will not bide the touch,
Being all *Coat-Cards*, but of that vicious Crue,
Their *Hearts* are *false* for all their modish Shew.
And I must tell You from the zeal I bear
Unto that Sacred Diadem You wear,
That those *Court-Burs* who onely set their rest
On *best-betrust* or on *Self-interest*,
(For that's a prime Game at Cards they daily use
For their advantage and Your high abuse,)
Can with a *Spanish-Shrug* compleate their Ends,
And make the world believe they're *Cæsar's* Friends;
" Ingratitude concludes them to be those
" Whom You reward the most be most Your Foes.
Be not these *Courtly-Cay-dacks*, whose repute
Swoln with ambition of a gaudy Suit,
Or some Outlandish gimp-thigh'd Pantaloun,
A garb since *Adams* time was rarely known;

A Fashion to our Nation unknown, though now dispers'd through City, Country, Town.

Strut all a-long to win the eyes of men,
Who, if discreet, with Scorn dis-value them;
All *Sycamours* for *Shadow*, nought for *Fruit*,
Vers'd only in a frivolous dispute
Or loose discourse of *Hawk*, or *Hound*, or *Horse*,
Or in pursuit of *H*, what's ten times worse.
These be those lazy fruitless *Droans* who thrive
By sucking Honey from Your Princely Hive,
What they ne're wrought nor duly labour'd for,
And these may rest securely on the Shore;
While Your *endeered Zelots* who have lost
Their *Fortunes* for Your sake are hourly croſt
By adverse Winds: Long have these *Starvelings* bin
Waiting at th' *Pool* in hope to be tane in,
But some *defertlesse Amoriſts* of *Fashion*,
Though really the *Refuse* of our *Nation*,
Must be admitted to the highest place
Not by *internal* but *external* Grace.
'Tis only *Gold-foil* that performs the work,
Heav'ns blesse our Court from such a curſed Turk,
For though his *partial Presence* honour win,
He had no hand in bringing's *Sov'raign* in.
Awake *Great Prince*, intend your own Affairs,
Let no light *Dalilah* rob You of Your hairs;
Those *royal nerves* should now imployed be
In *Steering* th' *Rudder* of Your Monarchie;
And *smoaking* those *Ratouns* who make't their aime
To raise their Fortunes though they split their Fame;
Nay, th' *honour* of our *Nation*; which is tride
Sufficiently at th' Game of *Peep* and *Hide*.
Our State's a constant Mask: — nor can we know
Their *faces* by their *vizors*; but they show
Best when they'r least discover'd: for what good
Can be deriv'd from Those *corrupt* their blood,
And mould *base Heraldry*, sprinkling a shame
Upon th' *degenerate House*, from whence they came?

Sampsonis Capilli sunt Principũ nervi; qui Pascivis amplexibus, impudicis amoribus debilitari solent, si non dirimi. Proc.

All's

All's out of Order; Marriage Beds begin
To take a *Surfet* and to relliſh Sin.
Stoln Waters taſt the ſweeteſt; thoſe Fruits too
Which in their *proper Soil* did never grow,
But by a ſtranga-inoculating hand
Seizing on that which th' *Owner* ſhould command,
Solace their Palates moſt: — *Actors* oth' Stage
Spouſe it the beſt with th' *Peerage* of this Age.
Yet th' Spouſal holds not: a diſpenſive Power
Has made his Wife his conſtant Paramour;
And yet HE loves HER as he loves his Life,
And dearer too then if She were his Wife.

Neither Fruits of their owne planting, nor Waters of their own draining, nor Soil of their own improving.

Forzin amatorh ſit Palma, Corone laboris, Quo Sponſus thalamum Servat honore Suum. Mancin.

But that we may the ſooner make an end,
Let us unto Your *Offices* deſcend,
Both great and num'rous in Your peaceful State,
And ſuch as make our *Officers* too fat:
So ſwoln as they forget what they have bin,
With thoſe brave Places they are ſeated in.
My Pen ne'r brook'd the Style of *Paraſite*,
The World ſhall ſee I'll do each *Office* right.
And firſt to *Thoſe* whom we account the prime,
Thoſe *Lawn-ſleeves* of our late reformed time,
Whoſe boundleſſe height ſuch Priviledges give
As if they trench'd on Your Prerogative.
For theſe are *Smoakers* too, give them their due,
When we our *dormant Leaſes* ſhould renew;
Which might have been prevented in our Land
If You had kept thoſe *Leaſes* in Your hand.
Which would have given thoſe *mounting Lords* content,
And rais'd fit Pentions for Your *indigent*
Deſerving Friends; who bravely ſtood their ground
When theſe *Mandilions* were not to be found.
Yet thoſe *inſatiate Herds* for all their ſtore
Are in their *thoughts* as *empty* as before:
Though *Dioceſſes* be of large extent
To *thirſty Lungs* they're inſufficient.

Paſtoral Office in the firſt place, becauſe the higheſt price: and purchas'd by Renewal of Leaſes at the loweſt price.

Baldam's Priests could cunningly devise
How to convey their Idol Sacrifice.
" This *thirst* deserves rebuke in Him that preaches,
" Cathedral Rabbies should be no Horse-leaches.
And some we have no *Leprous gold* will touch,
They're yet *thin fown*, may we have many such.
There's *Smoak* in *Law* too, having so much skill
As to drain *Water* from the *Clients* Mill.
The one as simple as the other wise,
" The *Lawyer* grinds and takes the *Millers* grise.
He'l finger your pretence be 't right or wrong,
" Though th' Cause be weak, fat Fees will make it strong.
Had these in *Xerxes* or *Severus* dayes
Sought to enlarge their Fame, or Fortunes raise,
They by Imperial Sentence had been Smoak'd,
And with Gold molted down their Throat been Chok'd:
For nought in reason could be held more fit,
Than those who sold base *Smoak* to fall by it:
Shall I draw neat Your *Court*? it will aver
The ranting Courtier *Smoak*, the Cavalier;
Who though he never fought nor ever will,
He can prefer a *Suit*, and there's his skill.
Yet this *Brisk Gig* for all his garish show,
Proves *Smoaked* by his *Damaſella* too;
Who near the *Lobby* or the *Back-Stairs* waits
To squeeze her Pention from her Brothel Mates:
This brings revenues to the Surgeons Hall,
But Cheats and Courtly Cringes pay for all.
Those in our State he only held for Wisemen
Who are design'd *Commiſſioners* and *Exciſemen*.
These be those *Grand Impoſtors* of our State,
And need not for preferment long to wait;
For they've already feather'd well their Neſt,
And on Your Subjects ruine set their reſt.
These to improve Your *Rents*, as they pretend,
Become Your *Farmers*, but observe the end

In the Court of Beaſts (as the Apologue observes) the Elephant would not be admitted, because his knees were so unwieldy, they would not bend.

Of

Of their Imployments! 'tis their only aim
To make a *Booty* of their Soveraign.
With modeſt boldneſſe let me tell Your Grace,
That *theſe* have cheated You before Your Face,
In prizing th' *rates* of *Cuſtoms* to be ſuch,
When th' Annual profit render'd thrice as much.
Now was not this *Deſign* perfued well,
To take the *Kernell* and leave You the *Shell*?
Yet theſe be *Farmers* ſtill: Perſons of eaſe
Sharing in Your *Revenues* as they pleaſe:
Made to Cajole the State, but do no good
Unleſſe it be to ſuck the Vital blood
Of Your endeered Subjects, who have ſerv'd
Both You and Yours; and better far deſerv'd
Than theſe *Cantarides* who cleave to th' Skin
For the Rivulets of Blood that flow within:
But when their yawning Chaps have drunk up all,
High-ſwoln with Loyal blood, they're forc'd to fall.
These too like impudent Suiters lately wooe
To be the *Farmers* of our *Chimneys* too:
Which by their active undermining wit
They firſt contriv'd, by *Votes* committing it
To a *Self-own'd Committee*, whoſe Compact
Brought this *Propoſal* to an expreſſe Act:
And though by *Act* prohibited it be
" No *Member* ſhare in that Proprietie,
A trick is found out by their quick-ſilver'd Brain,
" A Diſpenſation for a future gain.
These *raking Rooks* when they're on *proſit* Set;
Take all for *Fiſh* that comes into their *Net*.
And theſe *Grandalions* of Your own Retenue
Who would be thought to heighten Your Revenue:
And with more fullneſſe of Content inſtore You
Than any Prince that ever Raign'd before You:
Juſt as that *Rebel Parliament* profeſs'd
To Your late *Father* in His *Suffrings* bleſs'd.

Brave

Brave Plots; rich Profers! which like *Flow'rs* were ſtrew'd
Not to refreſh the Senſe but to delude.
But was this done, my *Gracious Liege*, for You?
No, though at firſt ſight it might make a ſhew,
As *Painted Projects* uſe, t' inhance Your Rents,
Their Subtile Sconces moulded worſe intents
Than pur-blin'd Eyes diſcover'd; for they ſought
Either by *Farming* what their *Brokage* wrought,
Or by their *Agents* to ingratiate
Your *Smile* for whom they did negotiate.
But ſuch *baſe baits* You cannot reliſh, ſure,
" Thoſe be Your *Friends* who make You moſt ſecure:
Whereas *Court-Fawns*, thoſe *Buffoons* of our age
Practiſe a-long Your HONOUR, to ingage;
Which *Princes* ever held the preciouſt Gem
That could enrich a Royal Diadem.
For what's this guilded State but painted Clay
If Spotleſſe Reputation fall away?
May *that* live ſtill unblemiſh'd, and remain
An *Individual* to my Sov'raign.
I'm bold, but 'tis my *Zeal* that makes me ſo,
" Who ſpares to ſpeak he is Your fawning Foe.
Satyrs who lay true tincture on a Crime,
Deſerve more praiſe then *Humoriſts* oth' time.
'Tis Charity in Him that ſhews the way,
Or lends his *Light* to On: who goes a-ſtray.
" A Subject to his Prince is ſuch a Debter,
" The *Plainer* that He writes, he loves him better.
Into Your *Court* ſuch *Favourites* have ruſh'd,
Whoſe *Coats* being full of *Moats* had need be bruſh'd;
'Tis true indeed we have *Conſpirolors* plenty,
But of that Rank there is not one of twenty
Dare execute that Office as he ſhould,
Nor would He, I'm perſwaded, if he could.
" The *Weeds* of others cannot well be mown
" By thoſe who have ſo many of their own:

Their

Their *Studies* are *Lampoons*; wherein their time
States *Court-abuses* to the *Peoples* shame;
For there's not any nitty Back-stair Wench
But reading, jeers them for their want of Sense.
We talk of a strange thing call'd *Reformation*,
But where's that Creature to be found ith' Nation?
That Language is *Utopian*, none of ours,
And has been long time since shut out a-doors
As a regardlesse Alien: —— Let us scan
And take our *Chronic* from man to man.
Phanatick, Libertine and Leveller,
Our rig'd Presbyterian, who to err
Were held a Prodigy: let's see what peace
Or Reformation any one of these
Can *hold forth to us?* —— but the other day
John Presbyter was to be pack'd away
With his *Sedicious Spawn*: but are they gone
As 'twas injoyn'd them, *forty Miles* from Town?
No, no, believe it this was a *brute Thunder*,
Their *swelling Spirits* are not so kept under;
For they're repriv'd, their *Censure* now blown o're
And *re-estated* where they were before:
And now restor'd, they vapour it afresh
As none might touch their *Sanctified* Flesh.
Those who *supply* their Places few draw neer them,
And though they preach *pure Doctrine* none will hear them.
Is this the way to *Reformation*, say,
When *Shepherds* who have taught their *Flocks* to stray
Must be indulg'd; and though they bring forth *Leaves*
But no *Soul-saving fruit*, yet must *Lawn-sleeves*
Though ne'r so *Orthodoxal*; be content
With a *fraternal string* to give consent
To these *Church-Catilines*, whose active pate
Works to reduce us to that forlorn State
Which our *Anarchicall Government* retain'd
While th' *Syracusan Tyrant* o're us raign'd?

Whose Arguments, though strongly seconded, in a late debate were evinced, and those Fiery Separatists deservingly silenced. Mean while their Conventicles and clandestine Assemblies by their own Privledge frequently continued.

Nor can I blame those *Magpies* if they give
Such freedome to these *Zimreys* to live;
High forts support the Lower: those who ne'r were
Friends to *Church-discipline* nor the *Lords Prayer*
Be their GOOD LORDS: and These in such high Grace
As they'l cast dirt in any *Bishops* face;
So bravely rais'd they are, so Courtly strong
As they will do no right nor suffer wrong:
Nor is it strange that *they* their Faith dis-own
Who made their Breach of Faith before with Crown.

witnesse those Hubbubs raised in several Parochial Churches.

Grave *Presbyterian Patrons*, who display
Their Zeal by throwing *Common Pray'r* away
Doom'd to a *dis-rent Martyrdome*, as of late
Was done in flat defiance to the State
And th' *High Prerogative* sole due to You;
As if we had no Native *Cæsar* now:
If this succeed, as 'tis a fearful Shew,
A tragick Epilogue must needs ensue.

We hear of *Coiners* too, but they're so *Great*
As they may safely play the Counterfeit:
Men of such high descent and brave desert
Scorn to receive their Convoy from a Cart.
" The *Sun* has many Moats, yet who'l assay
" To take those *radiant blemishes* away?
They're *glorious Soils*: and Those are daring Fools
Who call in question either Art or Tools.
" I much commend those *Coiners* pollicy
" Who stand secur'd by their Society:
For they on such *dependent Statists* hing,
They're privileg'd from Cap'ring in a string.

But to our *Chimney-work*! --- This Enterview
Must Catechise us — " Sir, what *Chimneys* you;
" What *Hearths*, *Stoves*, *Ovens*? render us account,
" For we're *Contractors*, and must stand upon't:
" Do not deceive your self, return your number,
" For you're to suffer if you render under.

The

" The *Lash* oth' *Act* shall swinge you with such Strokes
" As never shall be cur'd by *John an Ookes*
" Nor those grave *Coif-men*, who for *either side*
" In our *late Bickerings* have their Judgements tried:
" And as they well deserv'd, now high advanc'd,
" So well it has unto those *Neuters* chanc'd;
" Who with such solemn Ceremonial State
" In funeral Robes on *Bradshaw's* Corps did wait:
" And as they drol'd in mournful Habits thither,
" It had been well they had been *Earth'd* together.

Small Coal, Small Coal.—Still, still that Croaking Cry;
I've stopp'd up all my *Hearths*; no *Coals* will I.
I will not *Salamander*-like desire
To make mine Habitation in the Fire:
These age-benummed Joynts I'll never *warm*
E're I pay more for *Chimneys* then my *Farm*.
Though hoary Winter now draw near at hand
I'll shew such due obedience to Command;
With *Damocles* I'd rather chuse to starve
Than lessen his Revenues whom I serve;
Yet let the State excuse me, for *Blind Hugh*
My Mason clos'd my *Hearth* before I knew.

Madnesse hath made me senseless of all shame,
Within this Fortnight I from *Bedlam* came;
Where I my Crack-brain'd *Amours* did expres
As Woers should; *Tom* to his lucky *Bess*.
And this contents me, though *mad Boyes* we be,
I've found a Court grown *madder* far than we.

My *Brain* is madling; I am now for Court
For no *Suit-quest*, I am not *monied* for't;
But to observe their *posture*; for we hear
What strange-divining *Meteors* rustle there.
State-Criticks now our *Sprucer Sprigs* be grown,
Ready to *brush* all *garments* but their own;
Those must be lightly touch'd, for they alledge
Their *Acts* pretend a Native priviledge:

An Apish-modish posture the only sweet Courtly garb.

Sphear'd above *Censure* is their Regiment,
Apish or modish it is sufficient
So it be *forraign*, be it no're so gay
Nor garish gaudy, it will find a way
To gain *admirers*: and with speed prepare
New *Fashion-Mongers* for a stranger aire:
Our *Countrey Artists* be such homely Creatures
As they mis-shape the Beauty of their features.
So it bear th' Title of Outlandish work,
'Twill give content though moulded by a Turk.
There's nought exact done by an *English* hand,
No *dresse* complete but from an other Land.
So as the World might think we start a quarrel
Both with our plunder'd Language and Apparrel.
Thus begger we our own; nor care we much
So we content our Selves: our humour's such.
Here may you see a light py-colour'd Jack
Wear a whole *Lordship* on his crazy back;
Which his extorting Ancestor convey'd
To *Him*, who for his death entirely pray'd
That he might *pawn* his *Acres*; and ingage
His State to *dawb* his Lackey and his Page:

A gallant Retinue, to travel out the fagend of a Prodigals Fortune.

Resembling *those* to life who nestle here
Learning first to get Clothes, then how to wear,
(To th' Mercers Ruine) though a Venial Sin
To cheat a Book who meant to Cozen Him.
Turn over Leaf by Leaf ith' Drapers Book,
You'l find his *long own Scores* as light as Smoak.
Yet is he out of Debt I dare well say,
For He is said to owe who means to pay.
But being at *last stake* what shall he do?
He has no *Brains* ith' World to flye unto:
The only way then to evade this Shelf
Is to serve one no wiser than himself,
Some *Lapland Lord*, who having got no Heirs,
Makes his thoughts Strangers to all thriving Cares.

Now

Now what Supplies accommodate the youth
Of these *profusive Sparks*, whose Fruitlesse growth
Has spent it self to atoms? They must look
To be *Collectors* of our *Chimney* Smoak,
And by their *mis-accounting* profit bring
Gain to themselves in Cheating of the King.
A bold adventure, yet an usual *guize*
As may appear by *Farmers* oth' *Excize*;
Which in one *Instance* I shall clearly shew,
Though not recorded yet approved true:
Th' Event so just it highly pleased me
Not in the *Act* but the *Catastrophe*.
" A Stirring Member of the Parliament
" Stor'd richly with all *Blessings* save *Content*,
" Became *Excisman*; but before he found
" The *Profit* on't, his *Patent* fell to ground.
" I with all *Patentees* may have like hap,
" Who draine Revenues from the Ale-wifes *Tap*.
" O brave Design! Struck on a fatal Shelf,
" By his *own Vote* th' *Excisman* splits himself.
" But how has this *Excisman* born himself!
" How has this *timing Bird* betray'd his Nest!
" How has he run his *Pinnace* on a Shelf!
" How has he ruin'd *those* deserved best!
" Split th' *Cavalry* of their just interest!
" Was not this *Act* a *Crime* beyond compare
" I will not judge, but leave it to the *Chaire*!
" But these ambitious thoughts we have at Court
" Make hopes of Honour ramble in this sort.

A cool Cordial for a Consumptive Prodigal.

THESE from their *Country* have such glory gain'd
By *ringing backward* they are entertain'd.
This is my *Maxim*: they're not *Cæsar's* friends
Who mould their *Votes* and *Acts* for private Ends.
All such as lov'd their Prince have under-stood
That they did neither *King* nor *Subject* good.

Hear this Countrey Peal, ye Knights oth' Shire and Burgesses.

" Those

" Thoſe to their *Soveraign* ever prove unjuſt
" Who 'twixt *Him* and his *People* breed diſtruſt.
And ſuch, my *Liege*, or elſe we hear a Fable,
Receive admittance daily to Your Table,
Who to inlarge the Bounds of their Eſtate
Will *hackney Honour* out at any rate.
Theſe be *Court-Butterflies*, who make a Show
Juſt as our *Lordſhips Chimneys* uſe to do
In cheating Beggars, making their repaire
But find no Warmth nor Crum of Comfort there.
☞ Diſcretion will not meaſure true deſert
By Apiſh poſtures or Outlandiſh Art.
He only merits the eſteem of *Greatneſſe*
Who Suits his dreſſe without *affected neatneſſe*.
Your *Highneſſe* ſways three Scepters independing
From Elders numberleſs by line deſcending:
Let no Act derogate from that deſcent
Through hoſtile force or Subjects diſcontent.
Clear that *Augean Stable*; Let no ſtain
Darken the Splendor of our *Charlemain*,
Nor his *Court-gate*: May th' *Ladies* of this time
Be Æmulators of our *Katharine*
Late come, long wiſh'd: whoſe Princely fame ſhall be
A living Annal to Poſteritie.
A Princeſſe in Habit & Diet unexemplarily temperate.
To whoſe pure judgement, then which none more *ſtrong*
Being *Stranger* to the *World* and ſo *Young*
Nought can detract more from a knowing Nation
Then making a meer *Idol* of a *Faſhion*;
Or in reſemblance unto **Iſis Aſſe*
To ſacrifice the *Morning* to their *Glaſſe*:
**Speculum ſibi fingit Aſellus Flumine, quo ſpeciem complicet ille ſuam.* Farn.
Such *atoms* of *loſt honour* SHE eſtoems
For wandring Fancies or Phanatick Dreams:
" This *Royal Pattern* may, no doubt, regain
Our *Albyon* Halcyon days and *Saturn*-Reign.
☞
The World's new-moulded:---- SHE who t'other day
Could Chant and Chirp like any Bird in *May*,

Stor'd

Stor'd with *Caresses* of the Choicest sort
That Art could purchase from a Forreign Court,
Limn'd so by Natures Pencil, as no part
But gave a wound, where e'r it found an heart.
" A Fortresse and Main-Castle of Defence
" Secur'd from all *Assailants* saving *Sence*.
--- But SHE's a *Convert* and a *Mirrour* now
Both in her *Carriage* and *Profession* too;
Divorc'd from strange Embraces: as my Pen
May justly style Her *Englands Magdalen*.
Wherein She's to be held of more esteem
In being fam'd a *Convert* of the *Queen*.
And from *relapse* that She secur'd might be,
SHE *wisely* daigns to keep her Compame.
But forasmuch as *noisome weeds* are found
In no Soil more than in our *Holy Ground*;
And *Darknesse* sometimes takes the Robe of *Light*,
So as all is not *clear* that seemeth *white*;
Admonish those *Lawn Sleeves* they grow not proud,
But seasonably communicate pure food
To their *deputed Flock*: Your *Grace* has carv'd
Large *parts* for *them*, let not their *Sheep* be starv'd
For want of *nour shment*: I'd have them too
Not only stand like *Beacons* for a show;
Their *Church-revenues* as they be not small,
'Twere fit for th' *Poor* they built an *Hospitall*;
Which *Almes-work* so long as they delay,
Let their *Revenues* for our *Chimneys* pay.
At least, for *Tenths* as they precisely stand
For each *tenth Chimney* let them pay through th' Land.
Their *Leases* to that vast advantage rise
They may increase their *Pride* and *Avarice*.
The *Poor* should be their *Children* during life,
A *Dioceſan Care* their *Married Wife*.
This would imbellish *Miters* and inlarge
Their *Past'ral pains* to edifie their Charge.

☞ *We leave the injurious usage of one of these* (a Formal Fox, *and advanc'd to one of our highest Places*) *to the ingenuous Relation of Mr.* Cressey, *a modest deserving Gentleman.*

For

For th' *Presbyter*, because there cannot be
An *Unity* 'twixt *Him* and Monarchie,
For if th' One rise, the Other needs must fall,
Lest of those *Sectists* be there none at all,
Silence is not *Sufficient*: Such Division
Requires strict Exile for the best Physician.
Their *Plots* are all *Phlebotomy*, but Yours
By mild indulgence tender easier Cures.
No more; vouchsafe upon our *Suit* to look,
Our *Hearths* want *Fires*; and where's no Fire, no Smoak.

Such Phlebotomists as practise wholly upon the Basilica Vena *for a* State-Cure *are dangerous Artists: and fitter far for* Jamaica *than us.*

The COURT-CURRIER.

OUr Country was of late with blood imbrew'd,
And in this Age as viciously indew'd,
Impoison'd with base Ingratitude,
Where th' Hydra-headed Slavish Multitude
Admires those only who have so much Sence,
As beg a *Place* with frontlesse impudence:
And by their *activ'st Patronrite*, ready pence,
And without *merit* seek for recompence.
These be the *thriving Boyes*, who at this day
Are tane into the *Pool* while others stay.

The *Honest* CAVALIER.

MAny have here high hopes, but they expire
Before they mount to th' height of their desire.
They're only wise that have the least to do
Fixing on Him from whom all Graces flow.
Nothing so firm that may Assiance give,
"Let us only love where we may ever live.
So shall our hopes be crown'd, and Saints receive us
Into those Courtly joyes shall * never leave us.
Some find the way who after learn to stray,
The End tries all, the Evening Crowns the Day.

Distinguish these by their Cognizances.

* He's deceive us.

FINIS.

90224